

"LEST WE FORGET."

["Whilst we are applauding the heroism of Tommy Atkins at the front, let us remember that the usual refuge for our wounded veterans is still the workhouse."—*Daily Paper.*]

Who are these marching, 'mid cheers of the nation,
Bronzed from the battlefield, gallant of mien,
Smiling and pleased with the people's ovation?
They are the heroes who fight for the Queen.

Hip! Hip! Hurray!

Khaki for aye!

Cheer we our loudest for Khaki to-day!

Who is this cripple, bent, ancient and hoar

In Poverty's sombre old uniform grey?
He's but a pauper—who cares for his story?

Just an old soldier that's passing away.

He's lost a limb,

Eyes have grown dim—

Isn't the workhouse a haven for him?

MORE WORK FOR THE "BELLEISLE."

(Under consideration at the Admiralty.)

AFTER being properly patched up, to be used again as a target for shot and shell, to see whether when struck the paint becomes injured or remains intact.

After repairs, to be anchored mid-stream to be subjected to a fire of projectiles dropped from a balloon, to discover whether a deck so inundated can safely resist attack.

After renovation, to be drawn over submarine mines to ascertain whether dynamite is equally destructive under water as above it.

Finally, after complete restoration, to be placed in deep water and there fired at for two hours with torpedoes and shells of the largest diameter, and attacked with the newest species of infernal machines, to ascertain without a shadow of doubt whether she will sink.

A BITTER CRY.

["The leader of the Liberal Party in North Walsham has proposed that the peace celebration should take the form of a house-to-house collection for the Indian famine."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

Britannia loquitur:—

WHILE their psœn sings the Nation,
Like a million chanticleers,
While their joyous jubilation
Fills the spheres;
While mad victory is flinging
High her cap and gaily singing,
Hark! what cry is this that's ringing
In my ears?

O'er the waste of many waters,
Over leagues of land and sea,
Do my dusky sons and daughters
Call to me.



WHY A NEW EDUCATION CODE IS NEEDED.

Inspector. "I AM VERY SORRY TO SAY, MISS WILKINS, THAT NOT ONE CHILD IN THIS STANDARD CAN EXPLAIN THE 'EXTENDED PREDICATE!'"

While the flags are gaily flying,
Hark! I hear my children crying
"Mother! help us! We are dying.
Dost thou see?

"Famine, frightful and appalling,
Stalks amidst us on his way;
In our thousands we are falling
Day by day;
And our bones that cry, beseeching
To be buried, lie there bleaching
Where the vultures hover, screeching
O'er their prey.

"When your wounded sons lay scattered
O'er the sun-scorched battle plain,
Did we leave them, maimed and shattered,
In their pain?

In our arms we gently caught them,
Through the storm of shot we brought them
Safe to haven, and we sought them
Not in vain.

What! Should fear of death appal us
In your hour of need? For shame!
Lo! we heard our brothers call us.
And we came.
In our grief and tribulation,
Mother, seek we our salvation
In the spotless reputation
Of thy Name."

MILITARY MEM., TRANSVAAL.

WHEN the 'slim' Boer runs away,
Safe to get all of his guns away.



Auctioneer. "Lot 52. A GENUINE TURNER. PAINTED DURING THE ARTIST'S LIFETIME. WHAT OFFERS, GENTLEMEN!"

"AD LEONES!"

By all means. Friends! Londoners! Citizens! to The Lions. "Give ye good den!" as Mossos MOSS, the Managing Director of the London Hippodrome might have said to the one-and-twenty noble savages, tamed and trained by Herr JULIUS SEETH. There's not a Lion-comique among this lot, but some unpleasantly snarly-looking customers, apparently only waiting an opportune moment for settling their imaginary grievances. Yet what can these Lions want more than they have? Fed well, looked after, sought after, kindly treated, a large party of friends twice a day, and a first-rate orchestra, conducted by our old friend M. GEORGES

JACOBI, playing melodies that delight all other Lions of the London season! Only one Lion of the lot seems to have retained anything like his native dignity, plus his natural ferocity. He growls protestingly; he sneers (such nasty sneers!) at the go-carts on the roundabout, in one of which he has to seat himself and be whirled round with the others, just as if he were an ordinary "ARRY" out for a lark at a provincial Fair. Of what was that Lion thinking as he crouched in that rocking boat? One thing is noticeable—at least, on this occasion—they did not roar. Perhaps they do not consider themselves as having "a roaring time of it." There was low muttering as of "curses, not loud

but deep," a kind of jerky growling, but all were absolutely quelled by Herr SEETH, while some, evidently hypocritical Lions, pretended to be quite fond of him. *Timeo Danaos!* But Herr JULIUS SEETH has his eye on them, as his name implies; and the Lions are constantly whispering to one another, "It's no use, JULIUS SEETH us!"

Here, too, is a novelty in acrobaticism, for the PANTZER Brothers do marvellous head-and-hand-balancing feats, not attired in tights, fleshings, and spangles, but simply in the ordinary modern evening dress of private life. They stroll in as if they had just temporarily left their private box merely to have a look round and see "what's up." In another second one of them is "up," his head on the other's head, and his legs forming a "V" in the air. Thus comfortably placed, "doing it on his head," in fact, he joins his comrade in a mandoline duett and in a fragrant cigarette.

The latest war pictures, per the cinematograph or "Bio-Tableaux," are thrillingly realistic. Great ovation for our greatest General "BOBS." Altogether a brilliant house and a first-rate entertainment.

The Clown, our ancient Circus Clown, is conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Merri-man no longer exists; departed, too, is the quasi-military Ring-master: their occupation is gone; the "turns" are taken without them. A comic personage, who pretends to assist and does nothing except to get into everybody's way, is the survival of "Jocoy": but even he only appears once or twice; while the "Famous Clown, Whimsical WALKER from Drury Lane," has a "turn" all to himself by way of interlude. Alas, poor YORICK! The next to disappear will be the Christmas clown, then Pantaloon, then Harlequin and Columbine! The entire Pantomime party away, let's hope, to a brilliant transformation scene.

The show finishes with the "New Hippodrome sensation," entitled *Siberia*. It goes with such a genuine dash and a splash into the real water with which the Ring is suddenly flooded, to a considerable depth too, that after all the melodramatic actors—the whole troupe, including, I think, the persecuted heroine, stage manager, prompter, and call-grooms, have with horses and sledges plunged into the tempest-tossed waves, the audience are roused to such a pitch of excitement that, on a very hot night, the extraordinary spectacle may yet be witnessed of M. Jacobi, his musicians and the entire auditorium plunging into the pool, and only recovering their senses on emerging drenched, to find "no change given." No actor need apply for an engagement here unless he can ride and swim.

As to the plot of the Melodramatic Hippodromatic Sensation, it is a Ring-masterpiece.

PHOTOPATHY.

[“Never before has light treatment taken definite shape as it is undoubtedly doing now in a distinct ‘pathy,’ which the *Homoeopathic World* calls ‘photopathy.’”—*Evening Paper*.]

WHEN dark and dismal maladies
And gloomy menace of disease
Man's shrinking spirits frighten,
'Tis very fit (if nothing new)
Science its level best should do
His sufferings to lighten.

And while our doctors make their aim
The torch of science to enflame
Their patients, at the sight of them,
Though heavy still their sufferings be,
Will for the future cheerfully
Endeavour to make light of them.

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

III.—*In the Days of my Youth. The Villain.*

[Enthralling as the following fragment of autobiography undoubtedly is, we fear that this section of what Mr. LUCKY—or ‘Tay Pay’—would call the ‘M.A.P. of Life’ was not intended for our columns.]

I WAS born in the ber-rave, ber-rave days of yore. Ah! those were times indeed. I was a babe of Gargantuan size, as befitting the offspring of a genie. My father was then failing in health, but as he had ramped, raged, and performed unnecessary wonders for so many years (was he not nephew to the one who performed the bottle trick in the Arabian story!) he was pensioned off at the Annual Meeting of Genii and Wizards. My father devoted his remaining centuries to my education, and if he saw the least signs of a virtuous inclination he would instantly suppress it. Owing to this admirable training I soon became a superlative scoundrel, and my early years were passed in studying for an ogre-ship. The profession of ogre was then coming in—genii were beginning to be considered old fashioned. As I grew older, times changed. Villains diminished in size, and I began to fear that my terrorizing propensities would lose their pristine power. However, we had fine old castles and gloomy dungeons with which to console ourselves. I cultivated a stern and forbidding countenance and (at the kind advice of a certain Mr. AINSWORTH) a hollow, sepulchral voice—which made my throat rather sore. Still I was hated and feared. Ha! ha! those shrieking maidens, those infuriated heroes, what a lively time I gave them for nine hundred and ninety nine pages out of the thousand!

The editor does not wish me to dwell on my later life. He is quite right; it would spoil the title. But I must utter a protest against the miserable make-believe villains of the present day. A wretched, anemic, frock-coated, cigar-smoking crew. I don't believe there's a beetling brow, or a



Husband (reading paper). "THE BOER CAMP IS IN A FRIGHTFUL STATE—DEAD HORSES AND CATTLE LYING ABOUT."

Young Wife (innocently). "THEN NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT IS MEANT BY 'THE BOERS ASSUMING THE OFFENSIVE.'"

bloodshot eye, or a thunder-and-lightning expression amongst the whole lot of 'em. As for myrmidons! they haven't one to bless themselves with. Zounds and fury! it isn't respectable. Then, again, castles—why, the novelists occupy the castles now, and the villain has to rent a flat! No wonder our influence is waning. What would have been thought of my father if he had dabbled in chemistry, and kept a laboratory and made messy experiments? Faugh! he slaughtered like a true black-hearted, uncompromising villain. Not one or two quiet, paltry murders, but wholesale massacres with picturesque

accompaniments. But I am digressing. Let me direct the reader's attention once more to the glories of my past scoundrelly youth. Villains were villains then. No matter, perhaps, even now—a time will come—!

CHINESE QUESTIONS.—Are "the Boxers" armed? Why, of course, how could they "box" without arms? True. Then they have guns? Certainly. But the name "Boxers" suggests "the noble art of self-defence" and the Prize Ring, doesn't it? It may. As to ammunition, "The Boxers" can go on for any number of "rounds."

OPERATIC NOTES.



Friday. — Faust, admirably sung and acted all round. MELBA at her very best as Marguerite. M. SALEZA, an ideal Faust, in most becoming costume. PLANÇON'S Mephisto as impressive as ever. Marguerite, Faust, and Mephisto re-called four times by crowded and enthusiastic house after Garden Scene. Talking of garden scene, Marguerite evidently a skilled horticulturist—otherwise, Siebel (Mlle. MAUBOURG) could never have picked a rose off heliotrope and a carnation off same stalk as daisies. Never quite understood how Mephisto, who turned so unwell at sight of

cross on sword-hilts, nerved himself to enter Cathedral. True, he keeps carefully inside the stone columns, where he probably felt sheltered. Horrible doubt whether Marguerite escaped him after all. In the Apotheosis the angels evidently unaware that they were welcoming another lady altogether.

Whenever *Fidelio* is given with the same cast as on Saturday, June 2, let me strongly advise even those who may consider the Opera a heavy one, as does your humble and obedient servant, to go and hear it. Fräulein TERNINA deserves all the hearty applause she receives, both for her singing and acting. The other Fräulein, Miss SCHEFF—which sounds like making 'mischievous' out of her name—so bright and clear that she ought to be a star of the first magnitude on a summer night, is just suited to the part of *Marcellina*. There are five "Herren" in it to two "Fräulein," so that the alternative title of the Opera (in English) might be "*All for Herr*." The Herren, good as they make 'em: lucky to catch such Herren. Herr MORTL must have felt very lumbago-ish next day, as besides his arm exercise with the bâton he had to "boo and boo and boo," over and over again, in answer to the hearty and unanimous applause of a crowded and appreciative audience.

The WAGNER Wagaries I have not heard since years ago I "did 'em." I am not a Cyclist. To hear WAGNER's work is one thing; to see his ideas concreted on stage, quite another. What terrors for me hath "The Worm," or Pantomime Dragon, with an electric light in his laughing eye? Am I astonished by the painted rainbow, or frightened by the two Giants, both together very inferior to any one old-fashioned Giant on Drury Lane stage at Christmas time. But Giants in summer are out of season and can't be up to much. So, just for once in a way, I let wheel alone.

WHYTE KIDD.

WITH OOM PAUL.

(From our own Interviewer by strictly private and confidential wire.)

"OOM PAUL," says I, "you're a rum 'un."

"The noblest Rum 'un of 'em all," he replies. He's not badly posted up in general literature.

"But how about Mrs. KRUGER?" says I, winking and giving him a dig in the ribs simultaneously.

"She's all right," says Oom PAUL, reciprocating; "the old lady's keeping the house well aired. See?" and he chuckled prodigiously.

"But," I ventured to inquire, "what will your good lady do—"

Here Oom PAUL interrupted, bursting into melody (in rather a roudy tone),

"What will she do, love,
When I am trekking,
No means of cheque-ing!
What will she do?"

Then he subsided and smoked. He wouldn't sing badly if he had been taught early in life. He's getting his lessons rather too late.

"But," I resumed, "to return to Mrs. KRUGER—"

"Not if I know it," said Oom PAUL, smiling sweetly; "at least not yet awhile. Ours is what some of you English call a 'union of hearts.' And I may sing with your respected nautical poet,

"If I'm going away for a year and a day,

And none know where to find me,
They'll ask and be sold, for they won't be told,

By the 'Girl 've left behind me.'"

"Bravo!" I exclaimed, for really Oom PAUL was in great form.

At this moment REITZ entered. What a change came over the ex-President, who, suddenly assuming the severe air of a responsible chairman, rapped the table with the bowl of his pipe and said,

"The sitting is adjourned sine die. I must put matters to REITZ."

And REITZ showed me out.



"I was shown out. Exit."
Our own Correspondent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Chicamon Stone* (SMITH ELDER) is a succession of pictures of one of the weirdest parts of the world. In power, in simplicity, in occasional grandeur, it is worthy of the theme.



My Baronite, brought up on FENNIMORE COOPER, ruefully admits what a stagey creature he was compared with CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY. The story is set in Alaska, the actors, allured by promise of discovery of a fabulous gold mine. The author has not only a rare gift of describing Nature in her most gigantic moods—and it

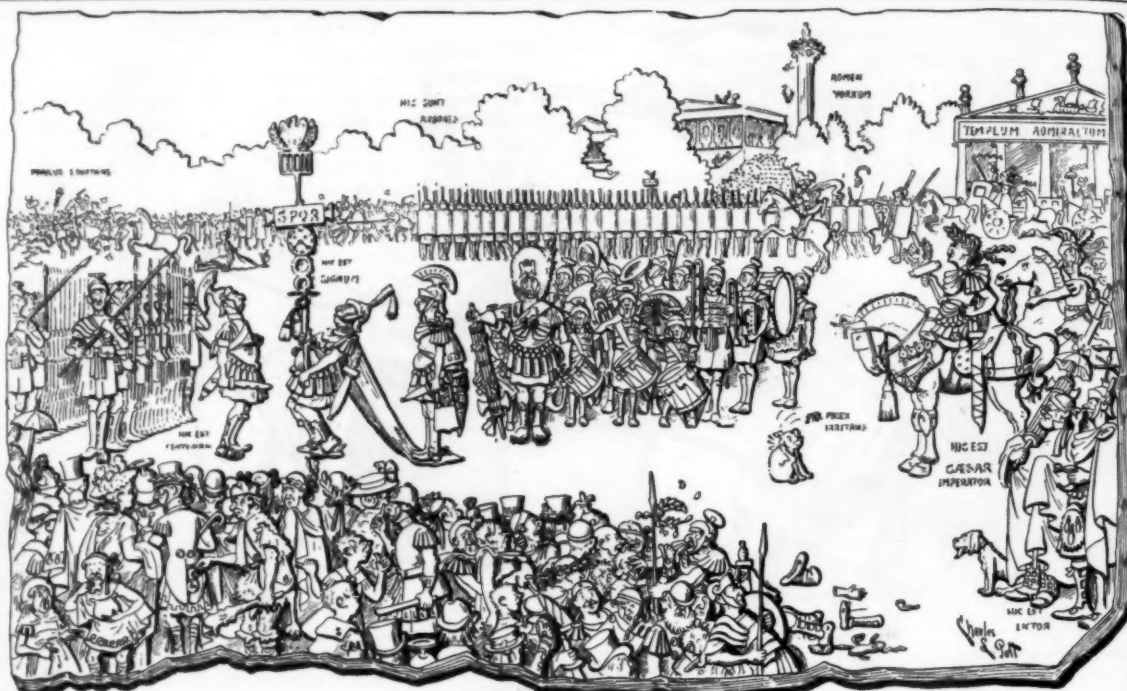
seems so easy as one reads the telling sentences—but, and this is a rare combination, all his people, whether Indians, honest Britishers, or undyed scoundrels of white complexion, are real flesh and blood. Alike in its human aspect and in its disclosure of a new, strange wild world of nature, it is most excellent.

The *Library of Useful Stories* (GEORGE NEWNES) is not, as some might think, a series of shilling shockers. It is one of the most interesting, instructive, and original series my Baronite has come across. Each volume deals in learned yet lucid and succinct manner, with some great fact or problem of daily life. For example, there is the story of Life in the Seas, of the Weather, of Electricity, of the Stars, of Primitive Man, and of a score of other profound matters. For each little volume is responsible one of the highest authorities of the day. It is impossible to over rate the extent or the value of the educational influence spread by these works. It is pleasant to reflect, as we haven't to bear the charges, that the circulation must be enormous before the original cost is covered. THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE SAME OLD BEAR.

Russian Bear (to British Lion). "YOU'VE GOT SO MUCH TO DO ELSEWHERE, I'LL TACKLE THIS OBSTREPEROUS PARTY."
 British Lion. "OH, THANKS! BUT I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH HIM FOR WORLDS!"



PROSPECT OF YE TROOPING OF YE COLOUR ON YE HORSE GUARDS PARADE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

(From a rare old Frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY HENRI TROFFORT.

What did GUILLAUME after the Battle of Hasting?
He took the whole of England, subjugating HEREVARD, named "The Awake," because he had always the eye open.
What was the character of GUILLAUME?
He was a brave warrior, of a prodigious strength, and also an author.

What was his principal work?
Doomsday Book, a treatise on the final doom of perfidious Albion. GUILLAUME was the first of the French kings of England.

And the others?
They were GUILLAUME II., HENRI BEAUCLERC, ETIENNE, Comte de Blois, HENRI d'Anjou, RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, JEAN SANSTERRE, HENRI III., EDOUARD LONGCHAMP (written by the English "Longshanks"), EDOUARD II., EDOUARD III., and RICHARD de Bordeaux.

What was the principal event of this period?
JEAN SANSTERRE was forced by the rebel English Barons to grant them the Great Charter of "*Habeas Corpus*." These two Latin words, "Thou mayest have the body," were the cry of the English brigands to the friends of those whom they had massacred. At the commencement of the battle they cried "Money or life!" Thus commenced the first of the "Chartered Companies" of England, associations of pirates, of which the last, the Chartered of South Africa, presided by Sir RHODES, has been justly denounced by M. TROFFORT and other distinguished writers in France.

What did then JEAN SANSTERRE?

He sustained an unequal struggle against the Chartered of South England, but in fine vanquished; he was drowned by the rebels in a laundry called the "Wash" (*blanchisserie anglaise*).

Was England then governed by the Chartered?

No. LOUIS, King of France, debarked at Sandvich, one of the

seven ports, which the English, ignorant of French, call the *Cinq Ports*, instead of the *Sept Ports*. Sandvich is the country of origin of the "sandvich," eaten by the English at all the repasts. Also, from the most ancient times, the English have played there a game called "the golfe" because it is played on the sandy shore of a *golfe*. The Directors of the Chartered of South England were all barons, as the directors of most companies at present—called "guinea bags," as they put guineas in the pockets of their trouser, or bag. They were playing, therefore, at the *golfe*, game of the nobles, when LOUIS debarked and vanquished them. England again conquered by a Frenchman.

Was LOUIS King of England?

No. He permitted HENRI III., son of JEAN SANSTERRE, to succeed his father. Opposed by the rebels of the Chartered.

Who was the greatest of the French Kings of England?

EDOUARD III. He disputed with JEAN, King of France, and conquered him in battle at Poitiers. This is not surprising, as EDOUARD himself was a Frenchman. The King JEAN died in prison, at London, in the palace of the Savoy, now a hotel. EDOUARD besieged Calais, and at first was persuaded by the English mercenaries to massacre all the inhabitants, as did always the English pirates. Then he refused to murder more than six, and finally he pardoned even these last. This King himself was truly French, since he founded an order of *chevalerie* with the garter of a lady, which would have been "shocking" for an Englishman, and gave a French *devise* to the order. He conquered also Scotland, province of England. The inhabitants of Scotland, the Scotchers or Highlanders, have always detested the English. Even at present the name English is odious to a Scotcher.

Who was the last French King of England?

RICHARD of Bordeaux. What sad fate for a *Bordelais*, always so gay, so animated, to govern a people sad and mournful as the English! He was assassinated in 1400 by HENRY IV., son of a Belgian prince, JEAN de Gaud. Thus the first successor of the French Kings was only a Belgian.

H. D. B.

EX-COMMANDER ROSEBERY-BUNSBY.

(A Political Parallel from Dickens.)

THE fortieth anniversary of the launch of the good ship *Western Daily Mercury* being now at hand, the Master, Captain EDWARD CUTTLE, deemed it expedient to celebrate the



Rosebery-Bunsby. "Do I say how they're to be got at? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

who was one of those sages who act upon conviction, took some time to get the conviction thoroughly into his mind that the Master of the *Western Daily Mail* was entitled to make such a demand upon his leisure. But when he had grappled with the question and mastered it he promptly sent the message, which he followed up by a personal call the same evening.

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, grasping him by the hand, "what cheer, my lad, what cheer?"

"Shipmate," replied the voice within ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, unaccompanied by any sign on the part of the retired commander himself, "hearty, hearty!"

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, rendering irrepressible homage to his genius, "here you are! A man as can give an opinion as is brighter than diamonds—a man as, no matter how retiring he may be, is bound to come to the front again afore along!" Which the Captain sincerely believed.

"For why?" growled ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, looking at his friend for the first time. "Which way? If so, why not? Therefore!" These oracular words seemed almost to make the Captain giddy; they launched him into such a sea of speculation and conjecture.

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, appealing to him solemnly, "what do you make of this here present situation and the future of the Party?"

"War has its curses," returned ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, with unusual promptitude, "likewise its blessings. We stand at the parting of the ways. Are we going to avoid catchwords or are we not? Shall we show a sane appreciation of the destinies of Empire? Who knows? If so be as faction is annihilated at the present moment, my opinion is it won't come back no more. If so be as it revives, my opinion is it will. What's wanted is clear sight, cool courage, and freedom from formula. Do I say how they're to be got? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY!" said Captain CUTTLE, who would seem to have estimated the value of his distinguished friend's opinions

in proportion to the immensity of the difficulty he found in making anything out of them. "ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, quite confounded by admiration, "you carry a weight of mind easy as would swamp one of my tonnage soon. Now, what is your opinion as to stowing of this here message of yours away for a week or two, and prodoocing it on a fitting occasion?"

ROSEBERY-BUNSBY deservyng no objection to this proposal, it was carried into execution . . .

[For which you'll overhaul "*Dombey and Son*," Vol. II., ch. 9, and when found make a note of.]

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

ANOTHER chance for the charitable! Another lure, this time in the form of a Shakspearian play, to entice the silver and gold of kindly-hearted folk to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, where on Monday, June 25, and Wednesday, June 27, will be given, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of FIFE and the Duke of FIFE, K.T., *Much Ado About Nothing*. So much for the play—and we hope it will be ever so much!—but the "*much ado*" that Mr. Punch, with his "talented assistants," makes, is not "*about nothing*," but about a great deal, for it is still about the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Under Mr. SHEPARD's direction is the comedy produced, and the SHEPARD's troupeau numbers four ladies and eleven gentlemen, who will join their audience in doing their very best in aid of

"A Good Cause."

To come to business. The Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary of the Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.; Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, and the Box Office, St. George's Hall, Langham Place; of Miss McCLELLAND, Pioneer Club, 5, Grafton Street, and of many others, for which see handbill and advertisements, and "when found make a note of."

Performance both evenings at 8 o'clock. You are expected to make *No more ado* about it, but take your tickets to see *Much Ado about Nothing*.



THE SINE QUA NON.

[*"M. BROCA, a French chemist, claims to have discovered a serum which cures alcoholism."*—*Daily Paper*.]

THEY talked o' the millennium, but, eh, I had my doot
Hoo sic a strange-like state o' things could ever come aboot;
I alrused wi' the meenister till I was like tae weary him—
I hadna heard a single word aboot this braw new serum.

Eh, Science! what a pow'r art thou! Nae mortal can divine
The weird-like wonders thou wilt work—the mairvels that be
thine,

An' sure, o' a' thy meeracles I doot there isna any o'm
Tae equal this, because, ye ken, it brings us the millennium.

Ye tak' a drunk—they're easy got—say, ane wi' a deleerium;
Jist gie the lad a spoonfu' o' this stuff they ca' the serum,
An' ere it's down, your drouthy loon becomes a stric' T.T.,
An unco guid, an' like eneuch, an elder o' the Free.

On aye, yon is the preenciple, an' bein' scientific,
I wad hae likit fine tae test mysel' the new speceefic,
But first, ye ken, I maun be fou. Weel, weel, anither spot 'll
Mebbe bring on the fittin' state. Hi! lassie, whaur's the bottle?

APPROPRIATE GARMENTS FOR MESSRS. KRUGER AND STEYN.—
Cut-away Coats.



THE FIRST LESSON.

Little Boy (in Church for the first time). "Oh, GRAN'MA, WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO TO POLLY!"

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GAZETTEER.

A PROMINENT Politician—M.P.'s always like to be so described—in a recent speech as to the future of South Africa, alluded to the "easy transition from Pretoria to Victoria," and now a friendly gentleman, who dwells at home at ease in far Colorado, has gone to the trouble and expense of cabling a suggestion that Johannesburg shall henceforth be known as Robertsburg. Most excellent idea; well worth developing. But Robertsburg is a trifle too high-flown and stilted, don't you think? Nice breezy name like Bobsburg or Bobsworth much more suitable. Only Bobsworth recalls Bosworth. But why not Freddibobs — on the euphonious analogy of Harrismith? There are a few other changes intelligent people would like to see. In fact, there seems no sound reason why a committee of the London County Council should not be appointed to re-name every town of any size or importance in the Transvaal and Free State.

Some riverside town on the Orange River or Vaal might be re-named Cookham, in honour of Lord KITCHENER. There are even places in British territory connected with the war which might be rechristened. It would be a graceful compliment to H.R.H., on the part of the Government, if Kimberley were converted into Diamond Jubilee. The German EMPEROR would, no doubt, be pleased at the alteration of Mafeking into Baden-Baden.

TO LIZ.

(On reading Canon Rawnsley's thousandth war-poem.)

O LIZ, I bid you always keep
Your drooping pecker up, because,
What woes so e'er would make you weep,
'Tis one of Nature's kindly laws
That every blessed day which dawns, LIZ,
Brings forth some verse of Canon RAWNSLEY'S!

In peace, he tunes his daily reed
To meet a keenly felt demand;
To travellers he gives a lead
Through Italy or Switzerland;
Whilst e'en our English woods and lawns,
LIZ,

No less are themes of Canon RAWNSLEY'S.

In war, he sings—with gay bravado—
Each day's excursions and alarms,
The correspondent's escapado,
Or Bugler JINKS his feats of arms;
On war's dread chess-board all the pawns,
LIZ,

Are protégés of Canon RAWNSLEY'S.

O LIZ, I have not heretofore
Addressed a verse to you, and I
Am likely to address no more,
Because—you'd know the reason why?
I think the reason on you dawns, LIZ—
I'd rhymes to match with matchless
"RAWNSLEY'S!"

CRICKET (BOERS V. ENGLISH).—KRUGER
(bowled ROBERTS) out for one run (to
Macadodorp).

"ENGLISH" FOR THE "BRITISH."

(A tale both practical and poetic.)

AN admirer of the Poet Laureate sat reading the correspondence about the terms "British" and "English," in the Times.

"Am I an Englishman, or am I a Briton?" he asked himself, and couldn't come to no conclusion. He dropped the interesting journal and turned to the latest work of the Poet Laureate, and allowed his eyes to fall upon the pages. Then his eyes closed unconsciously. In a moment there was a complete change in his surroundings.

He found himself hemmed in on every side by a number of soldiers, who levelled their rifles at his head.

"Spare me!" he cried. "You dare not touch me. I claim the protection of my national flag."

"To what nation do you belong?" asked the officer, knocking up the rifles of his men.

The Admirer of the Poet Laureate was puzzled.

"I am a sort of Briton," he answered after some consideration.

"Won't do. We can show no mercy to a sort of Briton."

"Well, I am wrong. I should say I am an Anglo-Celtic."

"Never heard of such a race. I am afraid we must shoot you."

And once again the rifles were levelled at the head of the unfortunate admirer of the Poet Laureate.

"Spare me! spare me!" shouted the luckless connoisseur, falling on his knees.

"How can we spare you if you are difficult of identification? Say who you are, and we will consider the merits of your case."

"I am an Englishman," at length returned the admirer of the Poet Laureate.

The rifles were immediately lowered.

"Why couldn't you have said that before," grumbled the officer, "and saved us all this bother?"

And then the admirer of the Poet Laureate awoke.

"Englishman seems the best name, after all!" he cried. Then he returned to the poem of his favourite author.

In a few moments he was once again fast asleep.

But this time his slumber was dreamless.

JOHN BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

[Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD has addressed a Note to the Tsung-li-Yamen demanding the reason for the impeachment of LIU, CHIU, and FENG, who were recently concerned in obtaining commercial concessions for foreigners.]—Times.]

AND shall they take LIU,* CHIU* and FENG?

And shall Reformers fly?

The Powers that be (and CLAUDE MAC D.)

Will know the reason why!

* Pronounced Lew and Chew *pro hac vice*.

UNPACKING THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

(Bride and her sisters discovered hard at work.)

First Sister. Here's another carriage clock.

Second Sister (entering it). That makes nine.

First Sister. And another dinner gong.

Second Sister. That makes five.

First Sister. And a couple more silver card cases.

Second Sister. Two more—that's seven of them.

First Sister. And here's something that I think is intended for something or other.

Second Sister. Oh, I know what it is—I have seen it at the Stores. It's an egg-boiler. (Enters it.)

First Sister. Another silver-backed hair brush.

Second Sister. That's the ninth. Quite a stock of them.

First Sister. Oh, here's a silver-mounted riding whip.

Second Sister. The fourth, and the dear girl never rides anything but a bicycle.

First Sister. More carriage clocks, card cases, and dinner gongs!

Second Sister. I have entered them. And now, dear (turning to heroine of the hour), I will write your letters of thanks for you. What shall I say?

Bride. The usual thing, I suppose, dear—that I am delighted with them all, because they are just what I wanted!

[Scene closes in upon fresh arrivals of clocks, gongs, whips, brushes, and card cases.]

THE CAPITAL TRAIN.

(By A. A. S.)

"Capital!" he exclaimed, with great energy.

"What is a capital? It does not consist of any particular collection of bricks and mortar. The Republican capital, the seat of Government, is here, in this car. There is no magic about any special site."—Excerpt from the *Daily Express* interview with Nearly-Ex-President KAUFER, at Machadodorp, June 7.]

IN accordance with the above pronouncement, it is understood that the Z. A. S. M., i.e. Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij (good Heavens, what a name!), have collected the remnants of their rolling-stock and issued the following time-table for provisional use on the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay Railway. It will relate to one special train only, made up of a bogie-engine, a stoep-car with replicas of BARNATO'S Lions, spittoon, and collapsible flagstaff complete, a Raadzaal van (standing room for twenty legislators, if they can be found), a padded break for Mr. REITZ, and a Law Court and baggage truck for Judge GREGOROWSKI and any other etceteras. The fare will be £2,000,000, payable to Lord KITCHENER on the return journey to Pretoria. The train



Jones (who has accidentally sat on his Wife's new Hat) warbles—
"I AM SITTING ON THE STYLE, MARY."

will run as under (weather and Lord ROBERTS permitting):—

DOWN.

Machadodorp . . dep. 1.0 A.M., June 9.

Waternal Boven . arr. uncertain (A), June 9.
dep., some time at night,
June 9.

Nooitgedacht . . arr. 2.30 A.M., June 10, or
thereabouts.

Elandshoek—will not stop (B), June 10.

Nelspruit arr. 12.15 A.M., June 11
(possibly).

Krokodilpoort . arr. 3.10 A.M., June 11.

dep. 3.10 A.M. (C), June 11.

Kaapmuiden . . arr. 4.5 A.M. (D), June 11,
change into goods
train at siding.

dep. 11.50 P.M., June 11.

Hectorspruit . arr. 3.30 A.M. (E), June 12
(stoep-car only, fresh uncoupled and shunted).

Komatipoort . arr. any time (F), June 13.—
STOP.

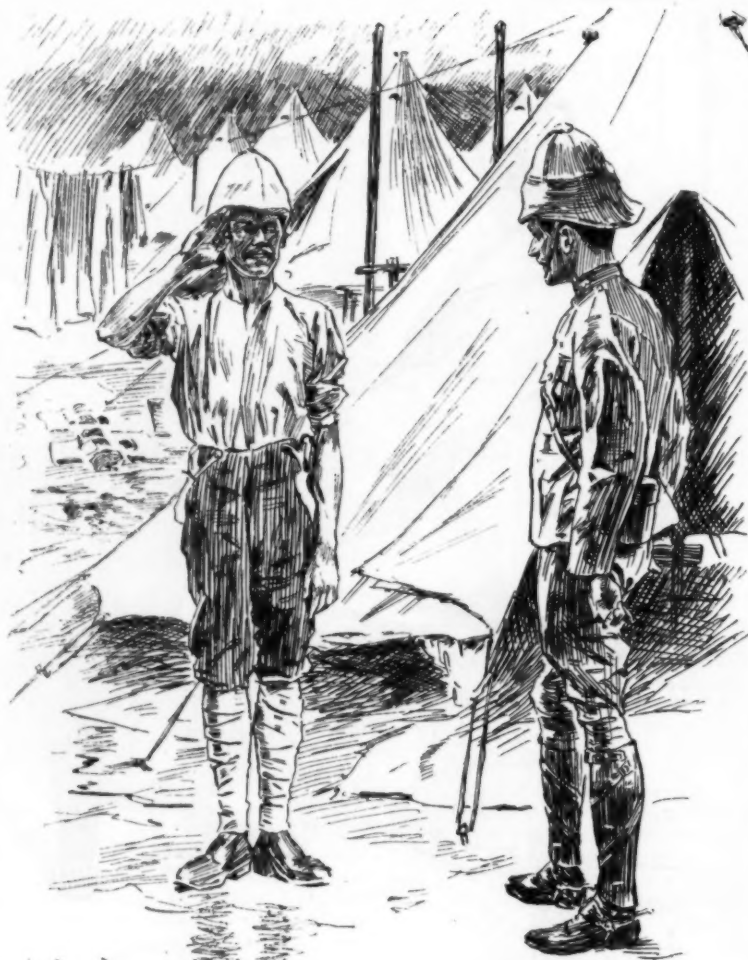
UP.

Komatipoort . . dep. 1.0 A.M., Exp.,
June 14.

Pretoria arr. 5.0 P.M., Exp., June
14.—STOP.

NOTES.

(A) Gen. FRENCH in the neighbourhood. (B) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and ten other correspondents wait on platform. (C) Pursuit-train signalled. (D) Halt to commandeer tobacco and repair Seat of Government, now somewhat threadbare. (E) REITZ, GREGOROWSKI, etc., unavoidably abandoned here. (F) Handed over to British.



MARK TAPLEY ATKINS.

Officer (going his rounds after a night of heavy rain). "WELL, DID YOU FIND THE GROUND VERY WET LAST NIGHT?"
Tommy. "OH NO, SIR. OUR BLANKETS SOAKED UP ALL THE RAIN!"

"DEEPLY VELDT."

WE had a visit from a strange individual, last week, who said that he was just "away from the front," and would like to "do" a South African story for *Punch*. Regarding him critically, we concluded from his appearance—deeply sunburnt about the tip of the nose, and with a wild, weird expression of the dexter eye—that he would probably be found very much "away from the front." We remarked disparagingly upon the recent "slump" in war stories, but he replied that, so long as plenty of local terms were thrown in, the "Blood and Khaki" story still "went down." We shrugged the editorial shoulders, and bade him throw it off his chest. The following is the result. We have read

it and re-read it; then we tried it upside down, and, finally, sideways. Up to the present we have failed to get "the hang" of the screed, and in the hope that some of our readers may be more successful, we give it here.

UNDER THE SPRUIT.

It was sun-up. A solitary *sjambok*, in a succession of light, graceful bounds, hurried away from the only human being visible on the *trek-tow*. The man was a trooper of the Marine Light Horse. He had dismounted, and quickly bringing his Maxim to his shoulder, he pulled trigger and laid the *sjambok* low.

"That will serve me for a meal ere I inspan the *disselboom* again. Yes, I deserve the *sjambok*," he murmured.

Then he gazed up at the majestic, rocky *induna* above him, towering right up into the cloudless blue veldt. He was thinking of the girl he so fondly imagined he had left behind him, and hadn't. That very day he had heard by Kafir runner, that ARAMINTA DE FOSSILLA had arrived in Kaaptown.

"Great Treves!" he exclaimed, in his agony, "another 'useless woman.' If I am wounded, all is lost, for she will nurse me, however hard I struggle to escape."

He sat down heavily upon a *Dopper*, drew his *veldtschoen* more closely about his shoulders, and thought. He consulted his Waterbury.

"I must keep my *wacht-am-beitje* here, till I am relieved by the native police, the *Kopjes*. Then I can go—leave here at once. But whither? Ah, I have it! I will stay with the *Drakensbergs*. Very good fellows, these. As to the woman who pursues me with such fiendish perseverance—" Speech failed him for the time. He *kraaled* into his hut, standing to listen, on the *doornstoep*. Going to a cupboard, he drank deeply of Boer *laager*, and topped up with a glass of *Komati Port*. Then he glanced idly up at an old *billtong*, which hung upon the wall. A noise without attracted his attention. Putting on the *knobkerrie* to boil, he strode outside. The tramp of a *kloof* was distinctly heard, and the next minute, a female figure came into view. 'T was she—ARAMINTA herself!

From a *stoep* he immediately stood straight up.

"A. DE F.," he exclaimed sternly, "your quest is useless. Even in this country, never can you become my old Dutch. It may not was!" and he continued eating the freshly toasted *rooibatte* he held in his hand.

She looked at it, and him, disdainfully.

"You are a *hartebeest*!" she said. "Your appetite is better than your manners. You offer me nothing, and yet I have *trekked* all the way from *Kamervellie* to nurse you!"

"But I am not wounded," he urged.

She smiled ominously, and produced a revolver. "I will see to that," she said meaningly.

"Leave me!" he cried. "I wish to rest. I would retire to my *vlei-bagje*. I am not wounded, and—"

She cocked the quick-firing *Hotekiss*. But, sharp as she was, she found herself alone. The trooper had "done a *guyje*."

THE RHODODENDRON SHOW AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS.—Could there be a more appropriate name for exhibiting gardeners than that of "Messrs. WATERER & SON?" Of course, if "Son" were spelt "Sun" the title would be about perfect. But there! perfection is unattainable even by *Rhododendra*.

[It is not true," Mr. KAVOON is reported, in the Daily Express, to have said, "that I have brought with me gold to the value of two millions. I am simply those who require for their purposes."]

[Kavoor's monetary resources I may have said, but]



SHIFTING HIS CAPITAL.

["It is not true," Mr. KROON is reported, in the *Daily Express*, to have said, "that I have brought with me gold to the value of two millions. Whatever monetary resources I may have with me are simply those we require for State purposes."]

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AMUSEMENTS FOR ASCOT.

(Provided for the better sex).

AFTER taking infinite trouble to secure a dream of a dress, to wait expectantly to see whether it will rain or keep up.

After arriving on the course to find one's only duchess monopolised by the Buckingham-Browns, to dismay of all semi-outsiders.

Between the races to notice one's hated rivals in the sacred enclosure, to which one has no admittance.

At luncheon, to contrast the men of this year who have remained at home with those of last season who are now at the front.

And—perhaps safest of all—to leave the doubts and fears, the heart-burnings and disappointment of the meeting to others, and to learn all about Ascot by reading the papers.

PARLOUR BORED-ERS AT THE GAIETY.

REFERRING to the New Gaiety Theatre, which is to replace the sacred temple of burlesque erected *Consule HOLLISHEAD*, that Universal Dramatic Provider, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, has informed an interviewer that in the forthcoming playhouse "A special feature is to be made of private boxes. Each will have a little parlour attached, so that if a man is bored by the piece he can read his evening paper before a fire in cold weather." This is, perhaps, the strongest inducement to visit a theatre ever offered to a playgoer. As a rule, Mr. EDWARDES does not anticipate "frosts" at the establishments over which he holds sway; in fact, any glacial entertainments which he may have produced have speedily been thawed, by Mr. EDWARDES' patent process, into gold-producing streams. Manager GEORGE doesn't guarantee to provide newspapers. He says "If a man is bored," &c., "he can read his newspaper," &c. "His," mark you.

Again, why is no provision made for any lady who may be annoyed by the play? Also, why not provide "side-shows" in the little parlours, or switch on phonographic excerpts from dramas at other houses? Or, instead of the little parlours, why not have billiard-rooms and skittle-alleys? A silver grill fitted to the fireplaces might supply devilled kidneys, Welch rarebits and spatchcocks to the man with the evening paper. And, on second thoughts, why not make the front of the house a hotel? Or begin with the hotel and add the theatre!

In short, there is no knowing what luxuries Mr. EDWARDES might not supply to those of his patrons who are driven from a Siberian spectacle into the comfortable parlours so thoughtfully provided for malcontents. And, of course, there will be no fire without smoke!



"QUANTUM SUFFICIT"

First Owner (lately honoured with a G.C.B.). "Now, ought I to have the letters PUT ON THE BOX?"

Second Owner. "Well, the C.B. would be enough, because you'll have the GEE INSIDE!"

THE GENERALS' POST-BAG.

DEAR LORD METHUEN,—Though I am only a little girl, I am sure you will like to know how angry I am that people should dare to make out that you are not one of the greatest generals who ever lived. Of course they are awfully envious of you because you are a lord, and that's why it is. As we are a very old family ourselves, though not lords, we feel very much for you. Pa feels it so much that he has changed our name from BUGGINS to METHUEN out of sympathy, which I am sure will please you, as we are descended from DE BOUGEYN, who came over with the Conqueror. Pa and Ma ask me to say that they will be very glad if you will come and stay with us and bring your medals and orders when you come home, and I am your loving little

ERMYNTRUDE METHUEN ("POPSIE").

"ON A CLIFF BY THE SEA."

(Whit Monday.)

A VERSE for "'ARRY"? Well, I'm shot!
(Excuse my language plain and terse)
For such a nuisance I have not

A verse.

His paise don't ask me to rehearse,

But, if you like—I'll tell you what—

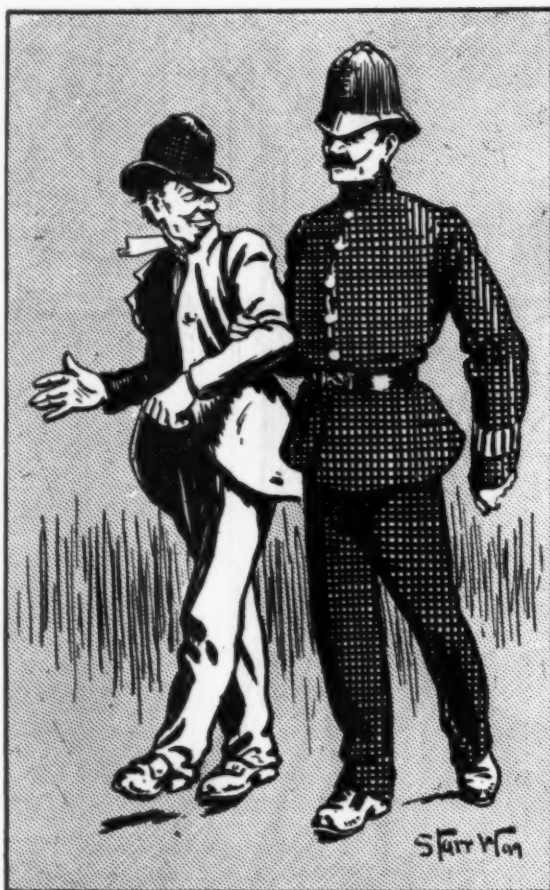
The rôle of BALAAM I'll reverse.

Only, like BALAK, from this spot

Desire me 'ARRY's tribe to curse,

To grant that prayer you'll find me not
Averse!

A NAME FOR HIM. — Among the Boer delegates is one Mr. WESSELS. He is a violent person, and, as representing several furious Boers rolled into one, may be designated as "WESSELS of wrath."



THE CUP RESULT.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

VII.—THE OOM SECTION.

I.—PROVERBS.

1ST.—The wise man sayeth, "There is a lion in the gate; I will gird up my loins and flee unto the hills:"

2ND.—But the very wise man goeth thither betimes in a chariot of steam, or ever the lion is anywhere near.

3RD.—The simple man sayeth, "When mine enemies appear they shall find me on the stoep;" and lo! there he is:

4TH.—But the prudent man taketh a like vow, and lo! there he is not!

5TH.—The foolish man promiseth and payeth on the nail:

6TH.—But the wise man giveth paper and straightway goeth on a long journey.

7TH.—The simple man defendeth his neighbour's house:

8TH.—But the prudent man putteth an hireling in the forefront of his own dwelling.

9TH.—The foolish man saith, "I will take no thought of silver and gold, nor of the wherewithal to make myself sleek; but I will go forth and meet mine enemy in the way:"

10TH.—But the wise man saith, "I will store up goodly garners that I may stay myself with solace in the hour of my extremity."

11TH.—The simple man saith, "I yield," and he yieldeth:

12TH.—But the prudent man hangeth out a linen garment and letteth off his fowling-piece from the back window.

13TH.—The foolish man careth not for his body and goods, if so he may save his soul from shame:

14TH.—But the wise man sendeth forth his shekels in ships of merchandise, and secureth a sanctuary against the evil day.

15TH.—The simple man counteth not the cost ere he goeth out to war:

16TH.—But the very simple man stayeth after, to make it good.

17TH.—The prudent man sendeth messengers into a far country, and enticeth strange peoples to succour him for naught:

18TH.—But the exceeding prudent man contriveth himself to be one of the messengers.

II.—HYMNS.

19TH, 20TH.—Thrice slim is he and full his cup
With streams of bliss untold,
Who hath his treasure piled up
In bars of solid gold.

He trusteth not in human grace
Whose promise oft is vain,
But hath a sure retreat in case
It cometh on to rain.

21ST TO 23RD.—How beauteous when the wicked rage
To scale the mountain-heights,
And there survey our heritage
Of heavenly kopje-rights!

How blest the man who leaves behind
The fenced ways of vice,
And contemplates with open mind
The joys of Paradise!

Who carries not where sinners stand
In naughty ribald groups,
To hear the heathen's brazen band
Or wanton on the stoeps!

III.—MEDITATIVE POEMS.

24TH, 25TH.—When I am laid upon the shelf
I care not much what liars say;
To tell the truth, I, too, myself,
Have had a tendency that way;
But such will overdo their art,
And spoil the happiest funeral odes,
If they allege that on my heart
Was writ the name of CECIL RHODES!

26TH TO 30TH.—At times by faith's ecstatic eye
I view the distant port,
Where in the parlous by-and-by
I purpose to resort.

Is it the haunt of summer seas
Where balmy prospects smile,
And only man, who keeps the keys,
Is absolutely vile?

Lies it below a beetling scarp
Where zephyrs softly hum?
Where captive Israel hangs her harp,
And Zion's songs are dumb?

Is it located on the spot
Where dismal Doppers go?
Emphatically it is not,
Not there, my child, Oh no!

Nor shall I sail a shoreless sea
With JAPHET, SHEM and HAM;
The port I seek is Dutch, like me,
And both conclude with dam!

O. S.



"T

AKE great care of yourself, SILAS. Sit with your back to the engine, and if any one

in the carriage wants a window open, say you've

just recovered from a severe attack of influenza, and hope it's not catching. Perhaps at the next stoppage they'll change carriages, and you can have a bench to lie down upon. I put you up some sandwiches, a flask of whisky and water, and two hard-boiled eggs. You'll find them comforting if you can't manage to sleep in the train."

Thus Mrs. SILAS HOSKINS, standing on the steps at the front door of Peveril of the Peak, Waverley St., Brixton, S.W. That was the postal address of the HOSKINS household, and was one of the minor troubles of the bright, bustling, capable little housewife who presided over its destinies.

"So much more convenient to have a number," she said.

But the fates were against her. The property being acquired by a Scotchman retired on a modest fortune made as a commercial traveller, he, laying it out in eligible building sites, hit on the loyal thought of naming his narrow thoroughfares after the masterpieces of a great fellow-countryman. The titles of the most popular novels being allotted to the streets, the names of SCOTT'S heroes and heroines were blazoned on the gates of the cottages.

When Mr. and Mrs. HOSKINS came to live in Waverley Street, they found their home called Peveril of the Peak, and they had no authority to alter it.

SILAS held a responsible position as sub-cashier for a well-known firm of railway contractors. His income was small, but amply sufficient for his needs, especially when administered by his wife. He had, indeed, been able to put by what he called "a nest egg for a rainy day."

Within the last few weeks his wife had buzzed about the home with something more than her usual stock of brightness. SILAS had made a great hit in the financial world. A friend in

the City, whose brother knew a man who had measured for a suit of clothes one of the clerks in the great house at N-w C-r-t, had given him a straight tip in Westralians. Sons of Belial, a gold mine whose one-pound shares were now quoted in the list at 5 13-16th, were going straight up to 10, perhaps more. SILAS had a long talk with his wife on the subject. He had scraped together £600, and placed it, £20 at a time, in a humdrum and easily realizable security yielding a contemptible four per cent. Should he sell out, go in for Sons of Belial, pot a profit of £400, and return to his humbler investment, bringing his sheaves with him?

"That would be £1,000, you know, BESS, bringing us in £40 a year, instead of £24."

His eyes glistened in anticipation of an aggrandisement of wealth that made appear contemptible his weekly grubbing for a stated salary.

"Yes, if it comes out all right," said Mrs. HOSKINS, doubtfully. "If it doesn't, you'll be sorry you did not leave your savings where they have been growing up since we married. It's so nice to have this £24 a year!"

"Less income tax," said SILAS, gloomily.

"Well, less income tax, coming in half every six months, and every year growing a little more as you put back the dividend, and a little extra saved on the year. It's a pity you couldn't play at buying these gold-mine shares, making-believe you've done it, and watch how it goes, all the time leaving your money safe where it is."

"Pooh!" said SILAS with large contempt for woman's ignorance of business affairs. "Playing the game like that, who would pay me my £400 when Sons of Belial went up to ten?"

"Yes," said Mrs. HOSKINS sagely, "but if they went down to two you wouldn't have to pay somebody else £400."

SILAS, serene in his clear view of the markets, felt it was no use to argue with a woman on the theme. All the same, BESS, unknowingly and undesignedly, gave him an idea. Why should he disturb his debenture investment, with the attendant cost of broker's charges and the loss of a dividend almost due? Why not buy Sons of Belial and not take them up, carrying them over settling day, or clearing out, taking his profits, if so advised? By lodging his debenture stock as cover any broker would undertake the transaction for him.

So it turned out. SILAS became the flushed possessor of 100 shares of this flourishing gold mine which, placed on the market at 20s., had already reached a six-fold value.

"Thirteen-sixteenths sounds a deal of money," said Mrs. HOSKINS, when he came home to tea inflated with the portentous news. "I suppose they wouldn't take less?"

She was thinking of some of her own transactions with street hawkers at the front door.

"No, my dear," said SILAS, his mouth full of muffin and merriment. "On the Stock Exchange they don't make a reduction on taking a quantity."

He could afford to be jocose, for since he had bought in the early morning Sons of Belial had gone up 10s. a share. Two days later business was done at a trifle over £8. Clear of all expenses, SILAS had made £200.

There were yet eight days to the Account, just about time, as he said to Mrs. HOSKINS, to run them up to the level £10 a share.

For a day or two preceding this morning farewell on the doorstep, Mrs. HOSKINS had not heard her husband talking over his tea about Sons of Belial. If she mentioned the subject he testily turned it. He seemed absorbed in thought of other things, and was evidently worried. She noticed with pleased amusement how on the second day after his purchase, SILAS, walking down Waverley Street to catch the City 'bus in the Brixton Road, whistled an air. There was some uncertainty about the tune. There was no mistake about the blitheness of heart that inspired it.

Happily the change of temperament was easily and fully explained. The new branch of a railway, which SILAS's employers were building in Somersetshire, was beset by a serious accident. Flood following on heavy rain brought down a long line of embankment with heavy loss accruing to the contractors. SILAS paying last Saturday his customary weekly visit to the works, charged with the duty of settling the wages account, viewed the scene of devastation and was quite knocked over by its extent. It was all very well for him to be making £100 or so out of a bit of luck on the Stock Exchange. What was that compared with the stroke of ill fortune that had befallen his esteemed employers?

Mrs. HOSKINS felt it all the harder for SILAS, that in this frame of mind he should suddenly have thrust upon him this journey to Leeds. It could not have come on a more awkward day. Every Saturday morning since the Somerset works were embarked upon SILAS had to take the first train and go off to pay the navvies their weekly wage. In ordinary times this did not matter. Getting away by an early train he paid the men their money at the dinner hour, and was home in time for the abundant tea which he always said was the best meal of the day. As the special business on which he was despatched to Leeds would not be drafted in the London office before the afternoon, it meant that he would not reach Leeds till ten o'clock, and in order to fulfil his engagement in Somersetshire must needs travel back through the night with just time to get his breakfast and set out on his new journey.

* * * * *

We have left Mr. HOSKINS a long time standing on his doorstep. But the detention was necessary in order to explain domestic and business relations.

"All right, my dear," he said in response to his wife's careful counsel, "I'll try and take care of myself, and mind you take care of the house. See all the windows and the back door are bolted. The front door has a Chubb, so you needn't chain and bolt it, or I can't get in with my latchkey. No fear of anything happening, but always well to be prepared. You know where the spring rattle is. That's the best thing in the world in case of burglary. Open the window, spring the rattle, and there you are."

"But where's the burglar?" asked Mrs. HOSKINS.

"Oh, he's gone, and a good thing too. They are more frightened of you than you need be of them."

"Good-bye, dear," said Mrs. HOSKINS, blithely. "Don't trouble about me. I'll leave the light on in the hall, so that you can see your way about when you come back in the morning."

It was a new thing for SILAS to talk in this airy way about burglars and their habits. The fact is, a month earlier, Peveril of the Peak had been stormed in the dead of the night by a burglar. His loot was not large, since—it not being Friday night—there was not much valuable portable property on the premises. The visitor made the best of circumstances. He supped heartily off cold beef, three bottles of stout, and a slab of Dutch cheese. He had evidently been pleased to find that SILAS's stout boots, standing by the kitchen door, just fitted him. With the chivalry that pertains to his class, since and before the days of JACK SHEPPARD, he, not to be outdone in generosity, left SILAS a pair of extremely dilapidated boots of the now obsolete, once fashionable, spring-side make.

Curiously enough, this little attention riled SILAS more than anything else, far beyond the pang of discovering that his best overcoat and an almost new umbrella had been carried off. For many days after he was in a state of extreme nervousness. He bought a rattle and eke a pistol, which he kept loaded in a drawer by his bedside. The excitement arising out of his Stock Exchange coup displaced the earlier event. But occasional reference showed how deep an impression the burglary had made on his mind.

Conscious that he was being narrowly watched by anxious eyes, SILAS, nodding farewell to his wife, set off with blithe step. He even essayed to whistle a bar of his favourite tune. Since it was of the composite order, a medley of faint recollections of tunes heard at church and on his yearly visit to the pantomime, the enterprise was at the best of times risky. This morning it proved a melancholy failure, and SILAS promptly desisted.

The fact is there had been a slump in the market of golden West Australia. Things were going bad in South Africa. The Stock Exchange had pinned its faith on the broad shoulders of REDVERS BULLER. Smaller command, ill-equipped, fighting against cunningly entrenched blocks of "simple herdsmen" might meet with disaster. But when REDVERS BULLER moved all would be changed, and being on the stride he would march on to Pretoria.

One morning came news that BULLER, advancing with all his force on the Boer Camp on the Tugela River, had been beaten back with heavy loss of men and a whole battery of guns. The markets staggered and dropped as if they, too, had been hit in the breast by shot from the unerring Boer rifle. Sons of Belial went down with the rest. When, yesterday, SILAS left the City he found the quotation standing at a shade under 4. This was

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Friday. On Wednesday next came settling day. Even if things went no worse, and the outlook was not promising, he would have to hand over £200.

He kept his secret to himself, letting his wife think, in explanation of his saddened aspect, that he was grieving over the misadventure on the new railway. Now he had turned the corner of Waverley Street he let himself go. His head drooped; his usually brisk walk slackened; there was a drawn look about his mouth, a grey pallor on his face, that made him ten years older.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Mrs. HOSKINS, happily unconscious of impending doom, bustled about the house with accustomed cheeriness. For sole help in the domestic duties she had a slatternly maid, just left school, whose energies were absorbed by continued effort to do nothing in the way of work, and whose measure of intelligence was concentrated on abstraction of just as much jam, sugar, pickles, and other delicacies as was safe without certainty of detection.

"SARAH'S worse than no use to me," Mrs. HOSKINS sighed.

But she made the best of her, as she did of all things. Perhaps her only antipathy was BUBBLE. It was not the gentleman's name, either by inheritance or by christening rite. His full style was ZERUBBABEL SMITH. His calling was that of outdoor porter at the office of Mr. HOSKINS's employers. Amongst his duties was the bringing down every Friday night to Waverley Street, in readiness for SILAS's departure by early morning train, a black bag containing gold and silver to the amount necessary to meet the pay sheet of the railway works. For greater safety SILAS's employers had removed to Peveril of the Peak a small safe not in use at the office. BUBBLE's Friday afternoon duty was to convey the locked bag from the City, deposit it in the safe and bring back the key to the cashier. SILAS having a duplicate key was able to open the safe in the morning.

Mrs. HOSKINS's earliest aversion to the emissary from the office was his habit of leaving on her heretofore spotless hall and stair-carpet trails of mud or dust. That he was by nature double-dealing she was convinced by the recurrent circumstance that though in response to her oburgation he appeared to go through the process of using the doorscraper and even violently brushing his feet on the mat, the trail was visible all the same. Obviously he only pretended to use the door-mat, and if a man could not be honest in a little thing of that kind what could be expected under larger temptation?

Instinctive prejudice was deepened when Mrs. HOSKINS came to learn an episode in BUBBLE's private history. His father was a railway guard, and he had started life as an office-boy with the company. An epidemic of pilfering from passengers' luggage in course of transit breaking out on the line, the Traffic-manager conceived a notable idea. Young BUBBLE, being a smart lad of light weight and no great expansion of limb, was selected as the instrument. Covertly packed in a hamper, through whose loosely-made structure he could observe without being seen, he was conveyed by two porters and deposited in the passengers' luggage van just before a train started. Careful for his personal safety and comfort, the Traffic-manager had him labelled "Glass—with care."

He made several journeys in comparative comfort. But too often the pitcher may go to the well. One day, on the arrival

of the train at the London terminus, the porters told off for the duty of securing this particular consignment and carefully conveying it to the Traffic-manager's room, still tarried. Poor BUBBLE, treated as ordinary luggage, was flung out of the van with that vigour reserved for packages marked "fragile." He narrowly escaped a broken spine, getting off with a twisted leg, that lamed him for life. A peculiarity connected with it was that as he walked the strained muscle of the knee audibly cracked. ZERUBBABEL's nickname was enlarged. He was straightway known as BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

"Had Mr. HOSKINS started for Leeds when you left the office?" BESS asked BUBBLE, as he carried the bag upstairs.

"Didn't hear as he was a-going," said BUBBLE. "He was a-settin' at his desk when I left Throgmorton Street at four o'clock. If he goes to Leeds this afternoon, how can he get off down the line by the eight o'clock train in the mornin'?"

Later Mrs. HOSKINS remembered how BUBBLE suddenly stopped, resting his creaking leg on the upper step as he turned round and sharply eyed her.

"May be he won't be home to-night?" he insisted. "Ain't ye afeard bein' left in the house all by yerself with a heap o' money like this?"

"Not a bit," said BESS, lightly. She was half afraid that BUBBLE would offer to sit up with her. "Besides, you know, I've got a brother who lives down by the church. He will come and stop the night."

If BUBBLE knew about this brother, he was in sole possession of the information. BESS was not accustomed to fibbing. She stumbled on this in a sudden chill of fright at the close regard of the shifty eyes BUBBLE suddenly turned upon her when he surmised she would be alone in the house through the night.

BESS spoke more truly when she answered that she was not afraid. In ordinary, even extraordinary, circumstances, she did not know what physical fear is. Soon after BUBBLE went squeaking down the street she recovered from the effect of the chill, as of a sudden gust of damp air from a vault, that froze her blood when BUBBLE turned upon her on the staircase. She went about the house performing her ordinary evening tasks, sent the slavey to bed at ten o'clock, and soon after retired to her own room. Thinking of poor SILAS's hard lot, soon to be travelling home from distant Yorkshire in a comfortless railway carriage, she fell asleep. But not before she had, for the thousandth time, thanked God for His great gift, and prayed Him to preserve it to her. To you and me SILAS was but an ordinary middle-aged clerk, such as are met by hundreds in the city. In BESS's simple heart he was enshrined as one of the best, the noblest, and the most capable of men. How the City would get along if by any chance he were withdrawn from active participation in the direction of its affairs, she really didn't know.

* * * * *

She awoke out of a horrid dream. Somewhere in the room was a hamper. In the hamper was BUBBLE, full of felonious design. How he got there, Mrs. HOSKINS, after the illogical manner of dreamers, did not inquire. She only knew that she had seated herself on the lid of the hamper, resolved that BUBBLE should not get out if she could help it. In the struggle that followed, she awoke and found herself snug in bed in the dark and silent room. She struck a light, and looked at her

watch. It had just gone one o'clock; she had been asleep two hours.

Blowing out the candle she turned to go to sleep again, when she heard the handle of the door adjoining her room softly turned. That was the room in which stood the safe containing the money-bag. BESS sat bolt upright in bed, intently listening. She thought—but it must be fancy, the sound could not come through a brick wall—she heard the key turning in the safe. In what, to her strained fancy, seemed the space of half an hour, but was probably only two minutes, she heard the unmistakable shuffling of a footstep in the passage outside, a laboured step as of one carrying a weighty burden, trying to walk noiselessly. What was more, as the handle of the door again softly turned, she heard a familiar click as of a strained muscle.

She knew the click. It came from BUBBLE's knee.

As in a flash of lightning she saw the whole bad business. Instead of going back to the office and delivering the duplicate key of the safe to the cashier, BUBBLE had kept it in his possession, and, assured in the knowledge that SILAS was away and that the house was practically defenceless, had plotted burglary.

Without a moment's hesitation BESS jumped out of bed and threw a shawl about her. SILAS was far away. He had left the house in her charge. If his employer's money were stolen SILAS would be ruined. She knew him well, his proud impeccable honesty. Though in no way responsible for the loss, he would insist on making it good. Bang would go his profits made on Sons of Belial, probably even more.

BESS was going to see this thing through.

Her first impulse was again to light the candle. But having recovered from the nightmare-effect of her dream, she was cool-headed enough to know that a light shining upon her in the bedroom would give the burglar an advantage. Almost opposite the window shone a street lamp, which gave light enough to one familiar with every turn of the room. Remembering what SILAS had said about the rattle, she would get it, open the window, rouse the neighbourhood, and then set forth on the track of the startled robber.

Without difficulty she came on the drawer in which SILAS reminded her she would find the rattle. It was not there! Strange. Its existence was known only to SILAS and herself, and he had particularly recommended it to her. Her hand groping round came on the cool barrel of a pistol. She did not know whether it was loaded or not. That was less material, as she had never fired a pistol in her life. Still, when burglars were about, to hold one in her hand, even if the barrel were empty, looked business-like, and might decide recourse to flight.

Grasping the pistol in her right hand, with her finger on the trigger, as she had seen SILAS do when practising in the back garden after the episode of the spring-side boots, she opened the door and passed on to the landing at the head of the staircase. As she promised SILAS, she had left the hall gas half on. By its dim light she saw, almost at the foot of the stairs, a man slowly descending, with a black bag clutched in his right hand. He wore a coat that came down to his heels. Its hood was drawn over his head and face. No outline of his form was visible. But BESS was not to be deceived about the identity of BUBBLE.

Unruffled, with her keen senses as fully at her command as if

she were getting up in the ordinary way for early breakfast, she noted that, as he crept downstairs there was no creaking of the damaged knee. Was it possible that, fresh from her struggle in dreamland with BUBBLE in the basket, she had mistaken the click of the turning door-handle for the sign of his dread presence? No. She was wide awake at the moment, and could not make a mistake. What was really happening was that, fearing recognition, BUBBLE, with his ingrained, trained duplicity, was by superhuman effort stilling the tell-tale sound of the creak at his knee.

Another moment and the robber would have cleared the stairs, gained the front door, and handed the booty to a confederate, doubtless keeping watch outside. BESS in her slipperless feet and shawled nightdress made no noise to attract the man's attention. She did not want to hurt BUBBLE, but she didn't mean him to get clear off with the booty. On the wall at the right-hand side of the foot of the staircase was a clock. If she aimed at that, and the pistol went off—

She began to remember that SILAS kept it loaded. If she fired at the clock, the man would not be in any danger of his life, but, alarmed at the explosion of firearms, he would drop the bag and flee. That was exactly what BESS wanted.

She pointed the pistol in the direction of the clock, shut her eyes and fired. A loud cry followed the report. BESS, looking down, saw to her horror that BUBBLE had fallen face downward, and was groaning in acute pain. The woman asserted herself in BESS's warrior breast. She ran lightly down the stairs, turned the gas full on, bent over the wounded man, putting back the hood from his face.

A cry of horror filled the house. BESS sprang back with a look of angry aversion.

"You, SILAS, you! Plotting villainy through the day, skulking into your own house in the dead of night to rob your master!"

BESS had wrought an image of gold, dug from the foundations of her simple trusting heart. It had feet of clay, and was now fallen, crouched in a contemptible heap.

"BESS," groaned the miserable man, "it was all for your sake. I have to pay £200 on that Stock Exchange business, and didn't want you to know anything about it."

BESS leaned her head on the baluster, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Mr. HOSKINS did not go down to Somersetshire that morning to pay the men. Nor was he seen at the office for a full week. It was understood that he had met with an accident. He kept his bed, diligently nursed by BESS, who, on examination, found that his shoulder had only been slightly grazed by the bullet.

His convalescence was assisted by the fact that, better news coming from the seat of war, Sons of Belial took an upward turn. On Account Day they had recovered to a fraction beyond six, and the broker closed the transaction not only without calling upon SILAS to make up differences, but actually sent him a small cheque, being a balance in his favour. A fortnight later, SILAS saw by the market reports that Sons of Belial were being dealt in at £10 a share.

He did not mention the matter to Mrs. HOSKINS.

Henry W. Lucy